Ile crosse it though it blast me: stay illusion, *It spreads his armes.*
If thou hast any sound or vse of voice,
Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee doe ease and grace to me,
Speake to me.
If thou art priuie to thy Countries fate
VVhich happily foreknowing may auoid,
O speake:
Or if thou hast vphoorded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth,
For which they say your spirits oft walke in death. *The Cocke*
Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it *Marcellus*. *crowes.*

*Mar.* Shall I strike it with my partizan?

*Hor.* Doe if it will not stand.

*Bar.* Tis heere.

*Hor.* Tis heere.

*Mar.* Tis gone,
VVe doe it wrong being so Maiesticall
To offer it the show of violence,
For it is as the aire, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes, malicious mockery.

*Bar.* It was about to speak when the cock crew.

*Hor.* And then it started like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearfull summons; I haue heard,
The Cock that is the Trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his loftie and shrill sounding throat
Awake the God of day, and at his warning
VVhether in Sea or Fire, in Earth or Aire,
Th' extrauagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine, and of the truth heerein
This present obiect made probation.

*Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the Cock,
Some say that euer gainst that season comes,
VVherein our Sauiours birth is celebrated
This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit dare stirre abroad
The nights are wholsome, then no Planets strike,
No Fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme



antepenult. sturre abrode



So hallowed and so gracious is that time.

*Hor.* So haue I heard and doe in part beleeue it,
But looke the morne in russet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dew of yon high Eastward hill:
Breake we our watch vp and by my aduise,
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
Vnto young *Hamlet*, for vpon my life
This spirit dumbe to vs, will speake to him:
Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues fitring our dutie.

*Mar.* Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conuenient. *Exeu*

*Flourish. Enter Claudius, King of Denmarke, Gertrad the Queene, Counsaile: as Polonius, and his Sonne Laertes, Hamlet, cum alijs.*

*Claud.* Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death
The memory be greene, and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in griefe & our whole kingdom,
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our selues:
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queene
Th' Imperiall ioyntresse to this warlike State
Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy
With an auspitious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in mariage,
In equall scale weighing delight and dole
Taken to wife: nor haue we herein bard
Your better wisdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thankes)
Now follow es that you know young *Fortinbrasse*,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our state to be disioynt, and out of frame
Colleagued with this dreame of his aduantage
He hath not faild to pester vs with message



18 parts 28 waighing. L. ult. pestur